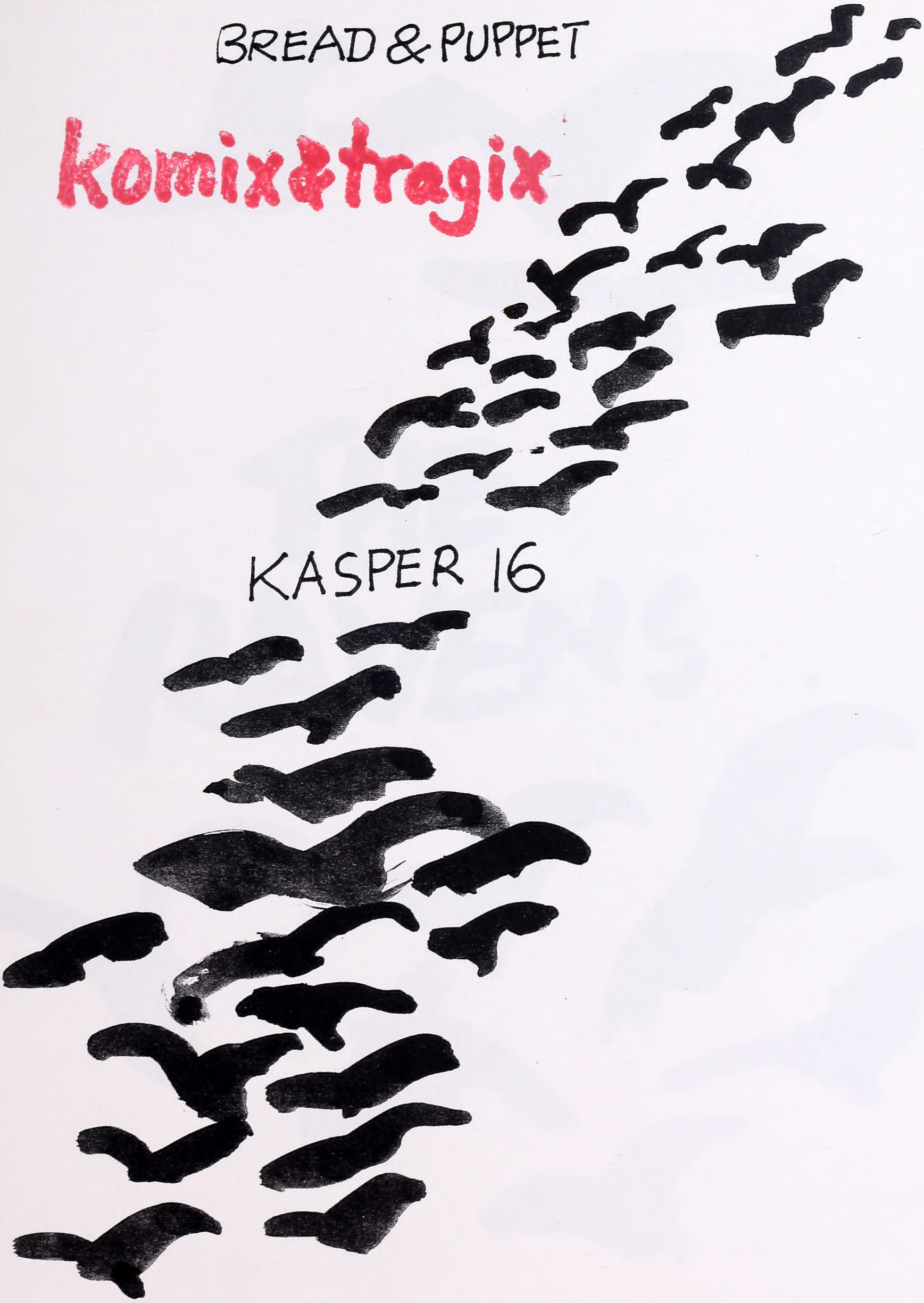
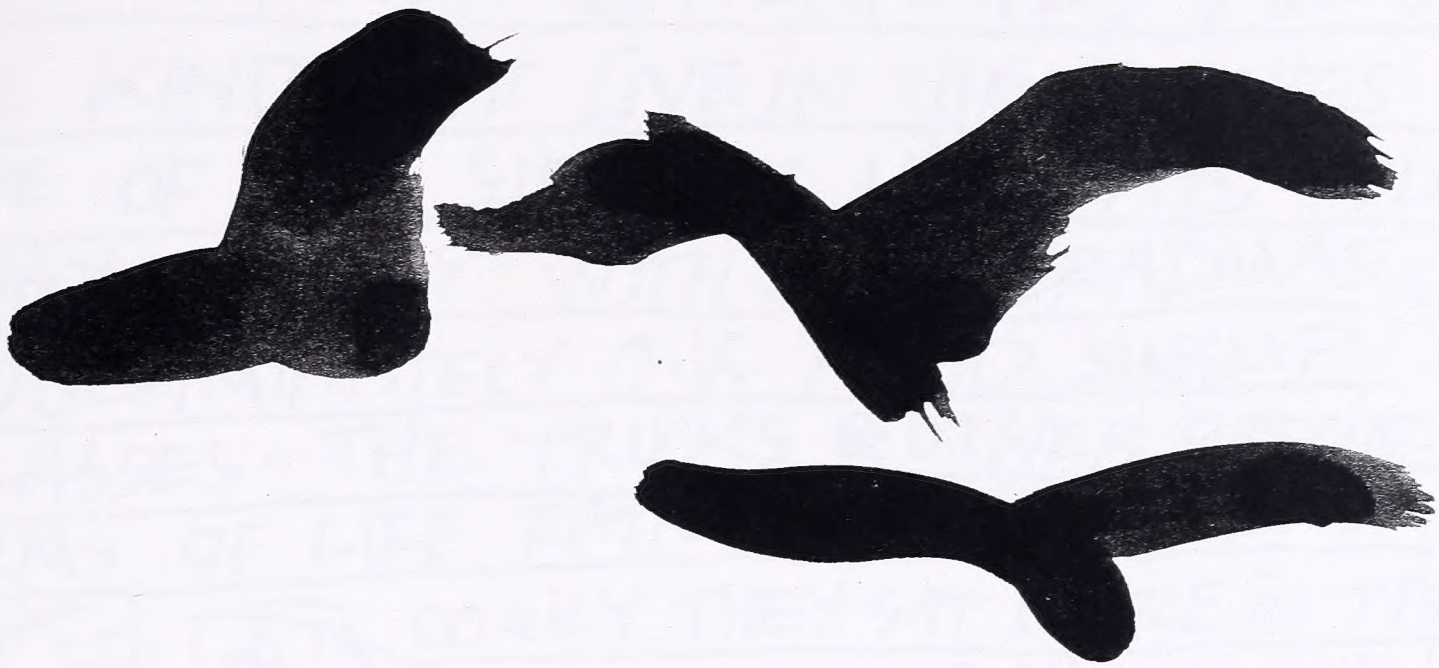
BREAD & PUPPET

komix & tragix



KASPER 16

Appendix



THE RAVEN'S

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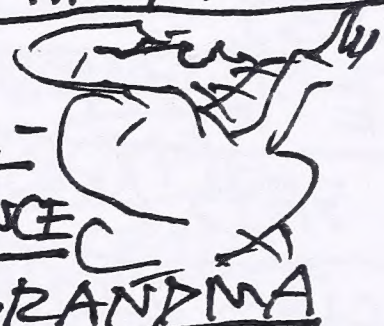
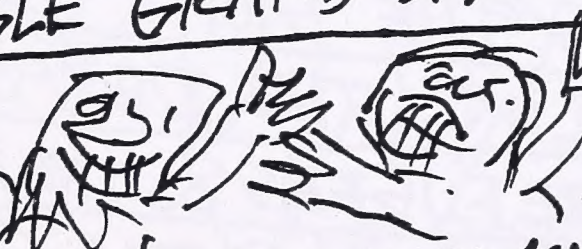
FIRST KASPER CONTEMPLATES THE GRANDPAS
THE KIND THAT LIVE IN THE DITCHES BY THE
SIDE OF THE SUPERIOR HIGHWAYS, TUGGED
AWAY SNUGLY WITH THEIR GRADMAS,
INDISCRIMINATELY O.K. AMID SWAMP-
GRASSES. THE TRUCKS & OTHER SUPERIOR
FORMS OF LIFE RATTLE BY THEM, NEVER MIND.

COZILY THEY SIT THERE IN THEIR
FAVORITE DITCH, OH HOW LOVELY
IS THE EVENING UP THERE
IN THE NORTH WHERE PEOPLE GROW
COLD EGGS & WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE, THEY PAINT
THEM FOR THEIR GRANDCHILDREN.

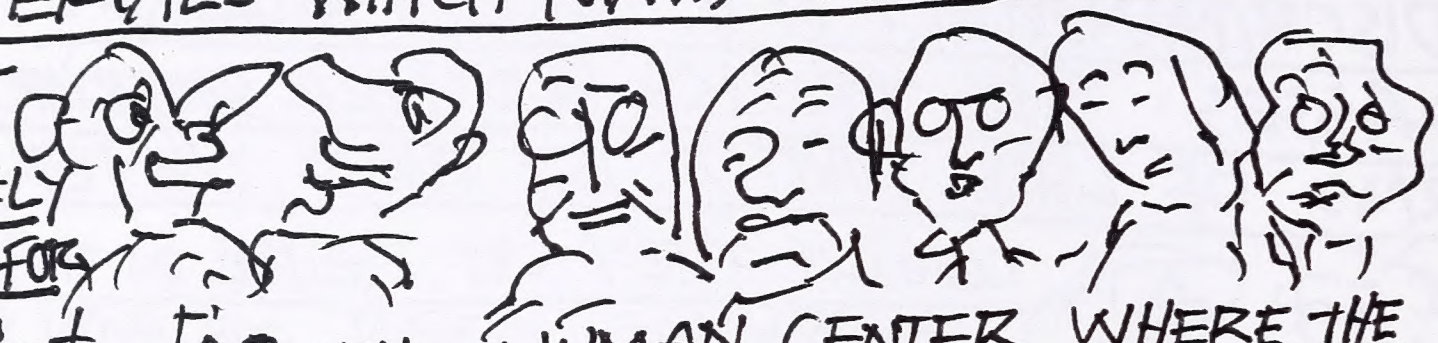


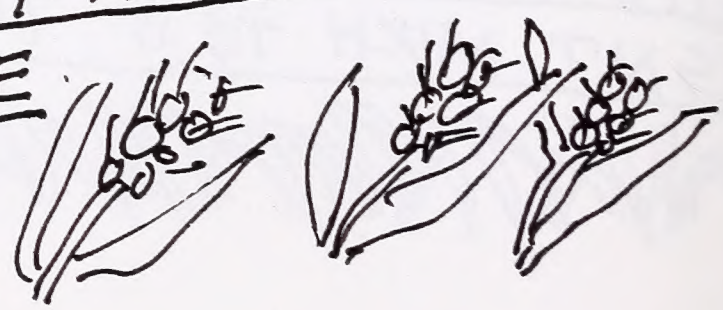
THIS PARTICULAR ONE IS CALLED RUMPEL-
BRAIN BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN IMBALANCE
IN HIS ORIENTATION DEPARTMENT & THE GRANDMA
IS CALLED MS. HUMPELDEIN ON ACCOUNT OF HER
LIMPING. THEY PULL BLANKETS OVER THEIR HEADS
WHEN THINGS GET TOO OUTRAGEOUS OR WHEN THE
SUPERIOR HIGHWAY TOSSES ITS ROADKILL TOO CLOSE
TO THEIR HEARTS. SILLY, ISN'T IT TO LIVE IN A DITCH
WHEREAS THE AVAILABLE GRAND STYLE OF LIFE IS THE
OPPOSITE OF A DITCH.



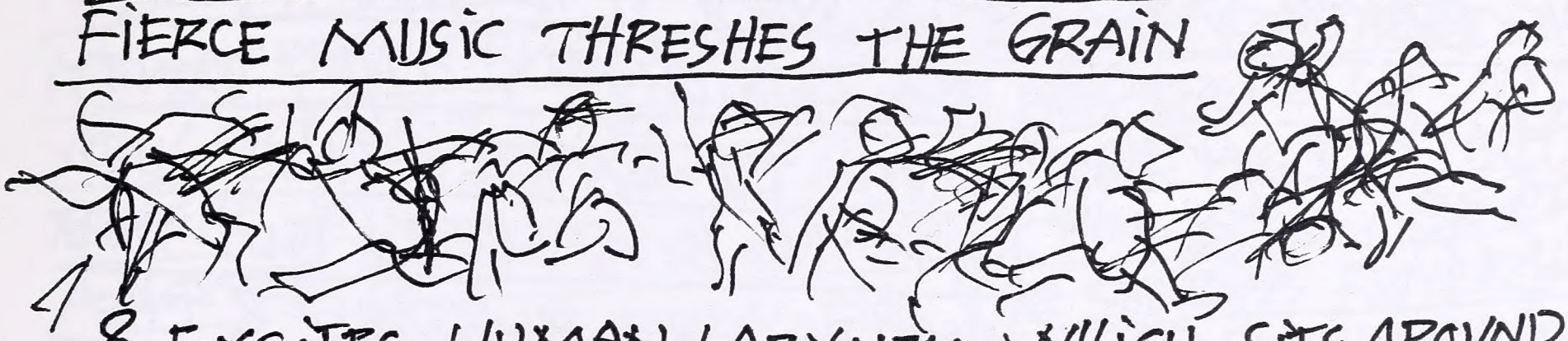
IN YES, FROM
THE STANDPOINT OF THE ELEGANT
BEINGS WHO WE CALL MODERN HUMANITY, GENERALLY
HARD WORKING, HARD VACATIONING MODERNISTS, THERE
ISN'T MUCH TO IT, TO THIS LIFE IN THE DITCH

BECAUSE ALL THE BEAUTY OF LIFE IS FOUND AT THE END OF THE SUPERIOR HIGHWAY THE GLAMOROUS XMASPARTY SKYLINE FOLLOWED BY A WONDERFUL MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS WHICH MAYBE A LITTLE HARD ON THE FEET (& IS DEFINITELY NOT MEANT FOR THE FEET) BUT FOR THE HUMAN CENTER WHERE THE PENETRATION MACHINERY IS LOCATED & DEMANDS PENETRATION OF ANY KIND, ESPECIALLY THE LUXURY CONCRETENESS WHICH LIES AT THE END OF THE SUPERIOR HIGHWAY. OH! SAYS MR. RUMPELBRAIN OH! SAYS MS. HUMPELBEIN, LET'S COOK OUR ROADKILL - SPECIAL & CHASE THE CHICKENS FROM THE COOP, THEY NEED SUNLIGHT, OH YOU SUNLIGHT! AND THEN KASPER LISTENS TO THE BAKER WHOSE BREAD IS NOT CONNECTED TO THE STORE: THE STORE IS TOO SAD SAYS THE BAKER BUT BEMOANING THE STORE DOESN'T HELP, BETTER TO AVOID IT LIKE THE DEVASTATED SITUATIONS WHICH TRAIL REFUGEES & THEIR CHILDREN BEHIND THE HARVESTERS & THEY GLEAN THE RYE & THE WHEAT & THE PRICKLY STUBBLES BLOODY THE KIDS ANKLES BUT NEVERTHELESS SAY THANK YOU & THE KIDS ANSWER YOU'RE WELCOME

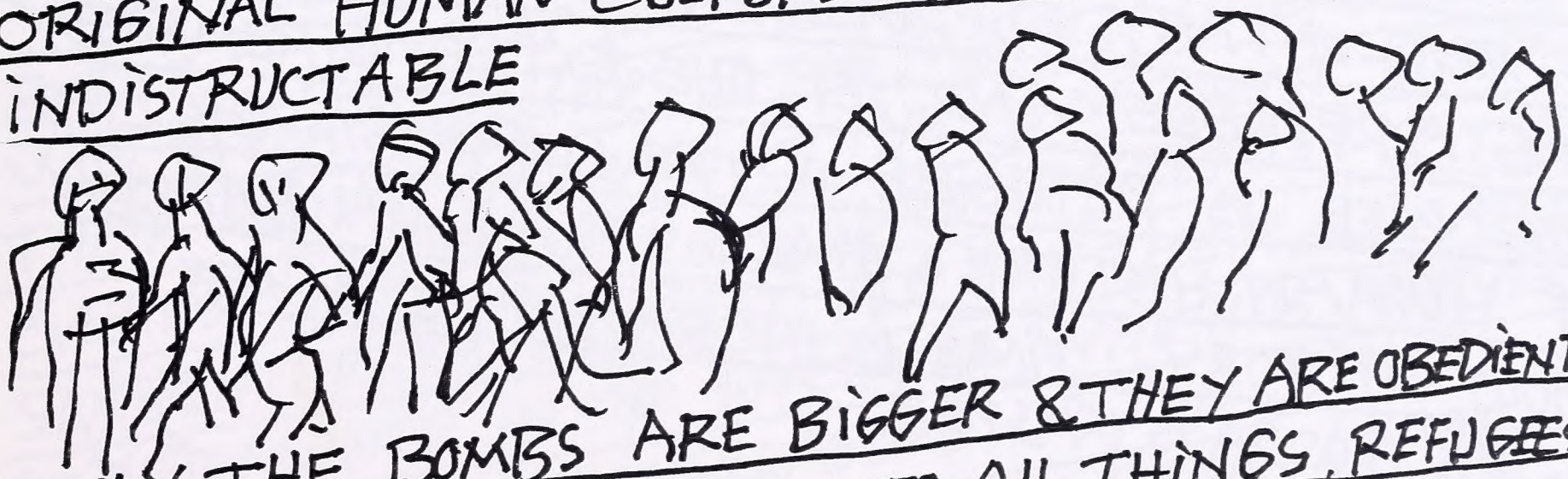




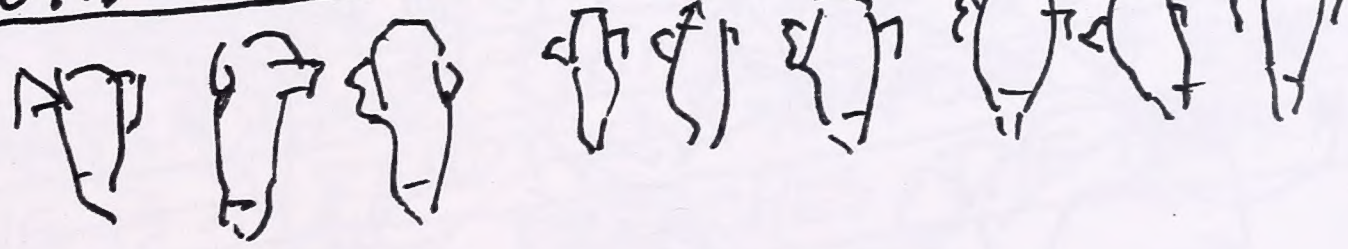
NEXT THE RISING RAUCUS BAND PLAYS FOOTMUSIC
WHICH PRODUCES DANCE & DANCE SUBJECTED TO
FIERCE MUSIC THRESHES THE GRAIN



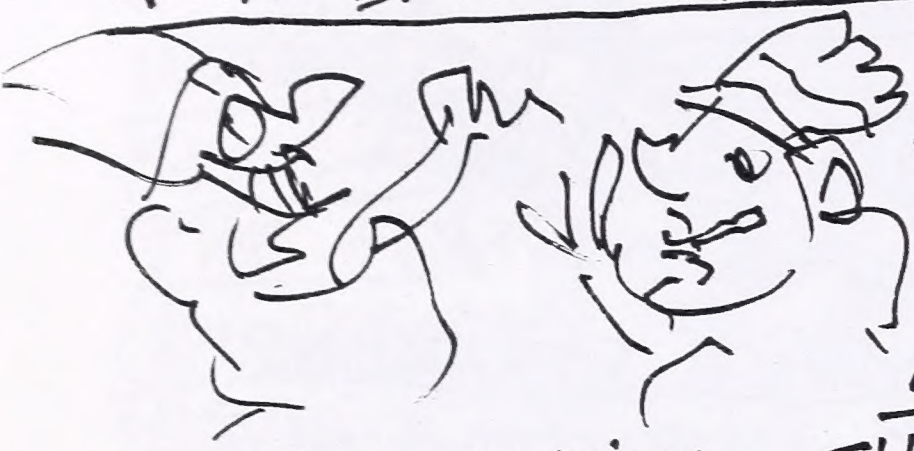
& EXCITES HUMAN LAZYNESS WHICH SITS AROUND
& WAITS FOR INSTRUCTIONS BUT INSTRUCTIONS HAVE
LONG RUN OUT OF INSTRUCTIVENESS ONLY THE DANCE
HAPPILY THRESHES THE GRAIN & THE REFUGEES
CALL THIS DANCING PURPOSEDANCING & THEY DONT
HAVE TO UNSUFFOCATE THEMSELVES FROM THE
OVERWROUGHT BECAUSE THEY ARE NORMAL
REFUGEES ALREADY & PROBABLY EVERYBODY
WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME REFUGEE . BETTER TO
STUDY REFUGEEDOM WHICH IS RELATED TO THE
ORIGINAL HUMAN CULTURE & THEREFORE ALMOST
INDISTRUCTABLE



(ONLY THE BOMBS ARE BIGGER & THEY ARE OBEDIENT
& THEY PROVIDE THE END TO ALL THINGS, REFUGEES
INCLUDED)

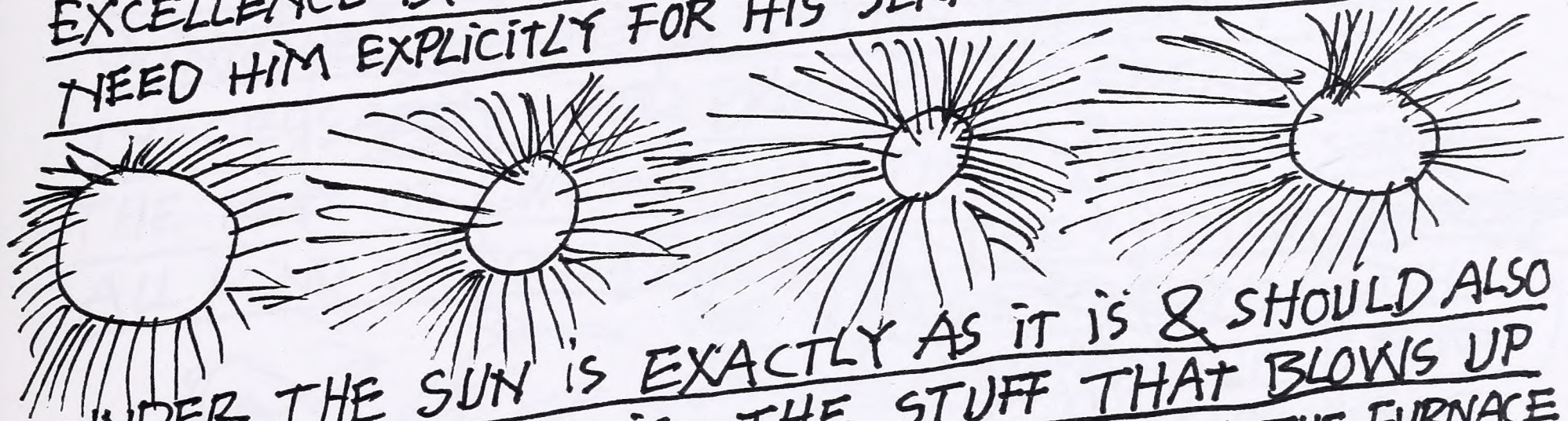


THEN KASPER SAYS TO THE BAKER: PLEASE ELEBORATE, WHAT'S THE THANK-YOU OF THE REFUGEE KIDS? & THE BAKER SAYS: THAT'S WHAT IT IS: THANK YOU



IT'S CUSTOMARY, THEY DON'T WANT TO EXACTLY, THEY JUST SAY IT. & KASPER: BUT THEIR ANKLES ARE BLOODIED & THE BAKER REPLIES - THAT'S A GOOD KIND OF BLOOD, IT'S LITTLE, IT'S A BAREFOOTERS COMMON FARE, IT SAYS TO THE BAREFOOTER: YOU ARE NOT A SHOE, YOU ARE A CAT OR A FOX MAYBE, YOU ARE PART OF WHAT YOU ADMIRE BECAUSE BAREFOOTERS HAVE 1 FOOT IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM & CONCERNING REFUGEES, NOBODY CAN EVER BE NOT A REFUGEE ANYWAY, ALL THIS CONSTANT FLEEING, THE EVERYDAY RUNNING FROM THIS & THAT THE STORMS, THE KISSES, THE DADDIES & ACCIDENTS, ALL THIS INVOLUNTARY REFUGEEDOM, WHO CAN EVER AVOID BEING A REFUGEE. AND YET THE EXTREME REFUGEE WHOSE LIFE IS REFUGEE IS THE CLEAREST. HIS LIFE LOST HUMAN HISTORY & STARTS UP AGAIN BARREN WITHOUT HISTORY. TIME IS UP SAYS THE BAKER. OFF WE GO SAYS KASPER

BUT BUT BUT BUT BUT SAYS THE GRANDPA WITH THE ORIENTATIONDEPARTMENT IMBALLANCE, EXCESSIVE REFUGEEDOM IS NATIONALLY & INTERNATIONALLY IMPERMISSIBLE BECAUSE IT'S NOT PERMITTED & THEREFORE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. YOU CAN'T HAVE IT NEITHER HERE NOR THERE NOR ANY-WHERE SAYS THE LAW & HOW CAN BE WHAT IS NOT ALLOWED TO BE SAYS GRANDPA, BUT BELLS ARE RINGING NOW NOW NOW FOR THE SHERIFFS FUNERAL. DID THE SHERIFF SHERIFFENOUGH? WAS HE CHOSEN FOR EXCELLENCE BY THE FUNERAL PARLOR? DID THE PREACHER NEED HIM EXPLICITLY FOR HIS SERMON? EVERYTHING

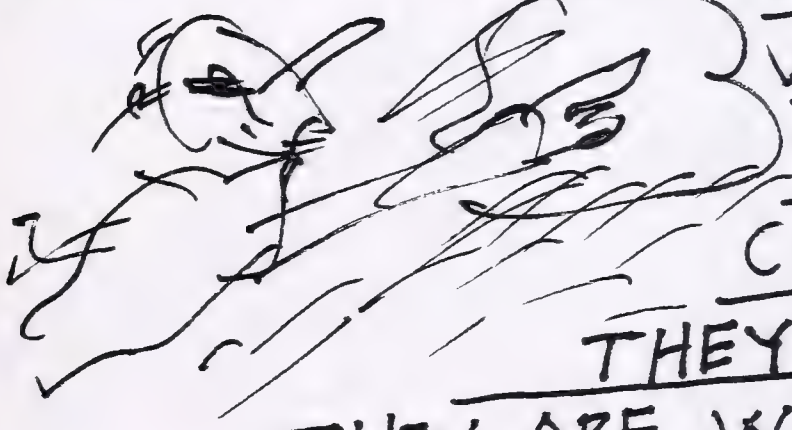


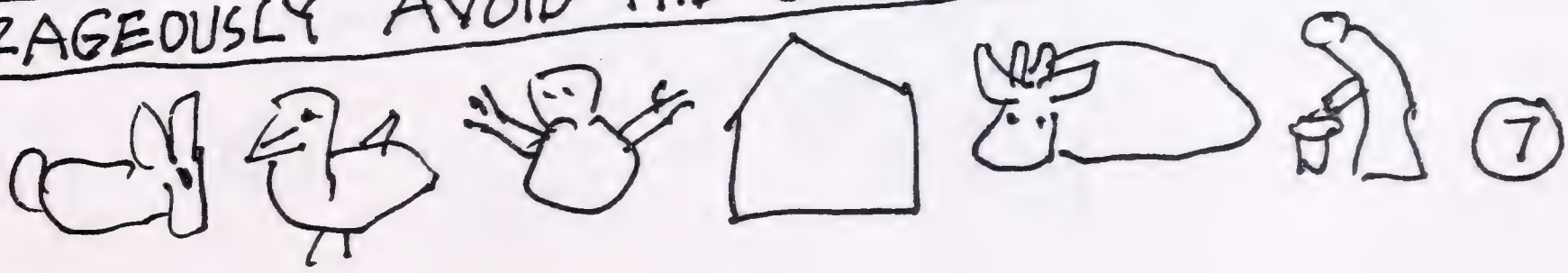
UNDER THE SUN IS EXACTLY AS IT IS & SHOULD ALSO BE EXACTLY AS IT IS. THE STUFF THAT BLOWS UP YOUR HOUSE & THROWS YOUR KIDS INTO THE FURNACE & THE STUFF THAT BLESSES YOUR KID'S BIRTHDAYPARTY WITH PIZZA & LOLLIPOPS & THE MIGHTY LOVERS WITH THEIR REDHOT EMBRACE & THE CONSEQUENT SUPER-SLAUGHTERERS OF THAT, ALL GET THEIR ALLOCATED PERFORMANCE IN THE SPECTACLE WHICH IS FOREVER THE SAME FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE AUTHOR PREACHES THE PREACHER, HOLY COW, PLEASE LEAVE FOREVER EVERYTHING THE SAME, BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS ALREADY O.K. BEFORE IT EVEN HAPPENS PREACHES THE PREACHER:

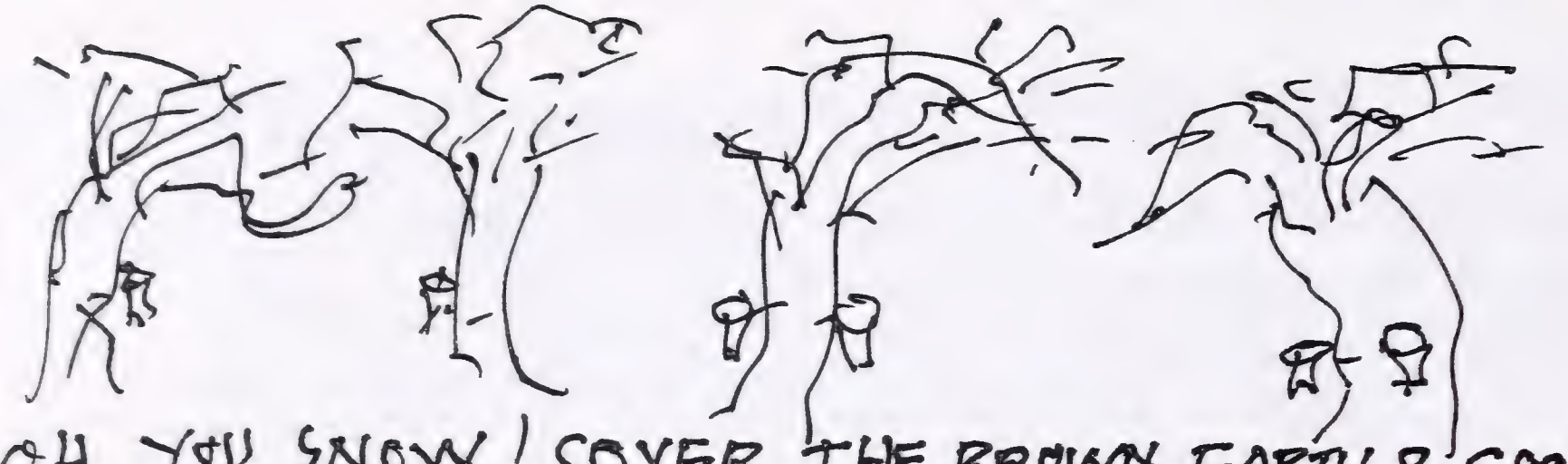
TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF THE SHERIFF's
FUNERAL PARLORISATION. & THE WISE ATTENDANTS
NOD THEIR APPROVALHEADS & THE SENSE OF THE
SHERIFF's DEATH PLUS THE SENSE OF THE REST OF
EVERYTHINGELSE IS SUDDENLY ESTABLISHED
& THE ATTENDANTS SLIDE OBEDIENTLY THROUGH
THE EXITS WHERE A PROFANE SUN BRIGHTENS
THE HOLY SNOW

(IN THE MEANTIME THE GOD OF DITCHES SUFFERS
A FIT OF SPRING FEVER WITH ALL THE TEE-TEE-TEE-
TEEVIT -TA-TA-TA-TAA & TRA-RI-RA-LALAS & THE
WILD & THE DOMESTICATED TURKEY DANCES & THE
COONS' SHOW OF FORCE BRAVING THE DEADLY PAVEMENT
(WITHOUT THE FUNERALIZED SHERIFF EVEN MORE SO)
& THE PREACHER'S SERMON GAINS MOMENTUM
WITH ALL THE COON KIDS' JOLLY BIRTHDAYPARTIES
FOLLOWED BY RANDOM MASSACRES BY THE VORACIOUS
TRAFFIC & THE GOD OF DITCHES AS HELPLESS AS ANY
GOD SNEEZES HIS SPRINGSNEEZES & IS EGGY FOR

A WHILE WHICH HELPS TO SLOW DOWN THE CARS & THEN PRACTICES HIS FAMOUS PEEPER SONG, THE ULTIMATE BATTLESONG OF SPRING'S DIRTY WAR AGAINST WINTER. NOT YET THOUGH, NOT QUITE, WAIT A LITTLE. PATIENCE PLEASE. GET THE SUGAR-BUSH INTO YOUR BOOTS, BOIL & BOIL A LITTLE SAP SAP SAP, CHOP A LITTLE WOOD WOOD WOOD. THE SUGAR-BUSH CHIRPS ALREADY & FRIENDLINESS IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. ANYWAY, THE PEOPLE WITH THE LIFE-IN-THE-DITCHES PHILOSOPHY AREN'T NECESSARILY GOOD PROMOTIONAL AGENTS, LIKE THE REST OF CIVILIZATION. THEY FOREVER SUFFER ALL KIND OF CONSEQUENCES. THEY DITCH THEMSELVES FOR VARIOUS REASONS WITH VARIOUS DEGREES OF BELOW-MINIMUM-WAGE-SURVIVAL-CAPABILITY. THEY WANT & THEY WANT NOT. THEY PRETEND & THEY ARE, WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THEY ARE DISHONEST, OR, IF SO, MUCH LESS SO THAN THE CIVILIZATION THAT SQUEEZES THEM. DITCHING IS NOT A SPORT, BUT A WAY OF SITTING INDEPENDENT & INDEPENDENCE-BEYOND-BELIEF IS WRITTEN ON THE SITTERS' SHIRTSLEEVES. YOU GUESS YOUR WAY INTO SUBSTANDARD TRAVAILS & JOYS. SEVERAL LITTLENESSES COURAGEOUSLY AVOID THE GENERAL BIGNESS.

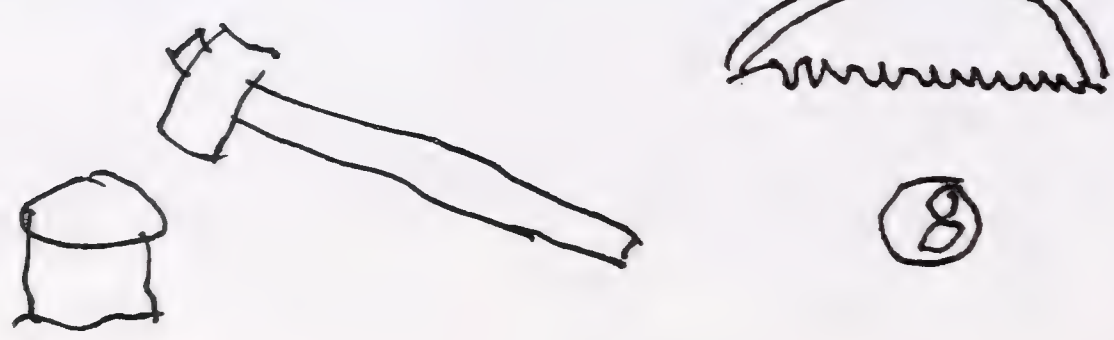






OH YOU SNOW! COVER THE BROWN EARTH & COOL THE MAPLES. LITTLE CHUNKS OF ICE PROTECT THE SAP FROM FERMENTATION. THE PATHS ARE SUFFICIENTLY WORN YOU SELDOM BREAK THROUGH THE CRUST - PUT THE MAIL TO WORK CHOP CHOP CHOP. KEEP THE FIRE HAPPY HALLELUJAH. IF YOU'RE LUCKY THE PILEATED WOODPECKER WILL PLAY HIS DRUM FOR YOU TUCK TUCK TUCK. OH YOU SNOW! LANDLORD OF THE NORTH EAST KINGDOM.

THE TREES SPEAK WIND LANGUAGE. THE SOUTH WIND PERFORMS HER SOPRANO SOLO. GRANDPA CHECK OUT ALL THAT IS EARLY. THE OLD SHERIFF IS DEAD BUT NEW SHERIFFS GROW ALREADY TO TAKE HIS PLACE THE UNEMPLOYED FUNERAL PARLOR HAS NOTHING TO OFFER. THE HOUSES ARE EMPTY & DON'T SMELL, THE T.V.S ARE ABANDONED. THE WIND BLOWS & SHE. THE BEAUTY AMONG THE ICELANDIC EWES SUFFERED A PROLAPSED UTERUS & HAS TO BE BUTCHERED & HER FACE LOOKS AT US AS SHE GETS CUT UP FOR THE FREEZER. OH YOU SNOW!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TODAY?
IN THE DITCH

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TODAY?

THE GUTS OF A PRETTY EWE

WHAT DID YOU EAT TODAY?

OFF OFF WE GO

BREAD&PUPPET
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